

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

VOL. VI.

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912

NO. 40

SANE FOURTH IS BEST YET

SIERRA MADRE HAS BUSY DAY

Celebration Keeps Nearly Every One at Home and Proves Best Ever Held Here

Sierra Madre celebrated the Fourth yesterday in the good old fashioned way—minus the fire crackers, which were not sadly missed. There was enough going on all day to keep every one too busy for regrets over anything of that kind. And the cannonading of the racing autos during the “tuning up” process as well as during the race itself, supplied all the noise that could have been desired.

Events of the day began with the program of races which took place down town in the forenoon. A goodly crowd gathered and took tense interest in every event, from the keen competition of the sprints to the funny antics of the three-legged races and the peanut scramble. The three-legged races furnished the usual number of spills with some work for the tailor and laundryman resulting. The peanut scramble consisted of putting a large number of peanuts on the ground to be gathered up by a bunch of small boys who were lined up along a mark and started in the usual way. The prizes went to those who gathered up and brought to the mark the largest number of hole peanuts.

Following the races the crowd proceeded to Carter's Camp, bearing lunch baskets and boxes of all descriptions but mostly heavy. Tables were set on the old tent floors and in other shady spots beneath the trees and the lunch hour presented a scene of intense activity. It was without doubt the largest picnic ever held in Sierra Madre or by Sierra Madre people, and the largest crowd ever in the canyon at one time. The music was a delightful feature of the day and the obstacle race and rope climbing contest caused much amusement.

The picnic was the cause of the thought recurring to many citizens that the city of Sierra Madre ought to own the canyon. It would be a big asset to the municipal water department and a magnificent asset to the city for park purposes. Many persons expressed the opinion that the city should take steps to purchase the property before it advances in value to where the price would be prohibitive.

The big event of the day, the real fire works, the “piece de resistance,” was the auto race in the afternoon. Four cars were entered and no race ever aroused keener interest. The course was from Central and Baldwin to Grand View, west to Sunnyside, south to Central, east to starting point, each car making two circuits of the course. The cars were sent away at half minute intervals. Each carried a driver and mechanician, regulation style. It was specified that no car should be less than seven years old, nor have more than two cylinders. This brought out four classy entries: Pogue's Winton, Adams' Jackson, driven by Laurel Steinberger, Rudolph Hartman's Rambler and Chantry's Apperson. Steinberger and Hartman had their cars stripped to the metal and had been entertaining the crowd all day, while tuning up and coaxing spurts of speed from their machines. Pogue finished in the best time, with Hartman second, Steinberger third and Chantry fourth. There was great enthusiasm at every stage of the race.

Immediately after the auto race the boys' coaster race was held and developed almost as much interest on the part of the spectators and it is certain the coasters came down Baldwin as fast as the racing autos had ascended.

The dance in the evening attracted a large crowd to the Woman's Club house where the day's celebration was brought to a pleasant close.

The results of the various races and contests follow:

100-yard Dash—A. Starr, first; A. Evans, second.

Peanut Scramble—Harold Flint and Harry Rasmussen tied and divided prizes evenly.

50-yard Dash for Ladies—Adelmeyer, first; Berryhill and Schwartz, tied for second.

Potato Race—Hannaford, first; R. Rasmussen, second.

50-yard Dash for Boys—R. Rasmussen, first; Powell, second.

50-yard Dash for Girls—Seeley, first; Bovard, second.

3-legged Race for Boys—Baxter-Starr, first; Seeley-Rasmussen, second.

3-legged Race for Girls—Adelmeyer-Berryhill, first; Camp-Schwartz, second.

Relay Race—Starr team, first; Hannaford team, second.

Obstacle Race—Powell, first; Carter, second.

Rope Climb—Edwards, first; A. Evans, second.

Coaster Race—J. Evans, first; Mitchell, second.

Miss Florence Vanner entertained a large number of friends with an all-day tennis party on the Fourth. Several out-of-town guests were invited. The entire day was devoted to tennis, a picnic lunch being served at noon.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Any change for the better in the management of the Los Angeles county horticultural office will be welcomed gladly by all who have dealings with the office or have come in contact with it through the mismanaged fumigating campaigns of the past. According to the California Cultivator, which ought to be good authority, the new commissioner can be depended upon to give more satisfactory and efficient service than we have had in the past. The Cultivator says:

The change has been made so quietly in the office of the Los Angeles County Commission of Horticulture that it is hardly known by the general public. The fruit growers in course of time, however, will be made aware of the change because of more effective work being done by that office for years. We feel safe.

such a prophecy, for the new commissioner, Mr. William Wood of Whittier, while not in the political class, is one of those quiet workers who do not herald their promises and is a doer instead. Los Angeles County is the most important in the state as to horticultural inspection. More trees and plants pass through it than any other, and while the state is aiding in this work much devolves upon the county. We hope entire success for Mr. Wood's administration.

WILL CONDUCT OFFICE
During the absence of A. S. Mead this summer E. W. Mead will be in charge of his real estate office. He will attend to all affairs in connection with sales, rentals and insurance. Some persons appear to have gained an erroneous impression from the account in last week's News of Mr. Mead's prospective vacation trip, to the effect that his office would be closed.

FOURTH OF JULY SOCIAL
The Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Congregational Church are planning to hold a Fourth of July Social in the parlors of the church tonight (Friday). Although the 4th is now one day late it was impossible to give this social function at any earlier date. Refreshments will be served and a program consisting of several selections appropriate for the occasion. Everybody is invited. Come and have a social time.

LUMBERMEN WANT PROTECTION
Certain lumbermen of California are coming to realize that their timber holdings must be protected from fire. The number of those companies that are taking definite measures to safeguard their timber by cooperating with the Forest Service is on the increase.

Several owners of large tracts of timber situated within the National Forests in the northern part of the state have recently entered into cooperative agreements with the Forest Service for the protection of their timber from fire. Under these agreements the timber owners contribute either funds or men, who are placed directly under the supervision of the Forest officers.

The Bayside Lumber Company has just entered into such an agreement with the Forest Service. Under this contract the Bayside Company will pay the salary of a fire guard for three months and will defray the expense of fighting fires on its lands situated within the Trinity National Forest.

THE COURAGE OF CONTEMPT

California Outlook.—Perhaps the most important and significant measures now being considered by the people of the various states are these: Primary laws, including preference voting for United States Senators and candidates for the presidential nomination; the Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall and Woman Suffrage. By grace—or disgrace—of improperly seated delegates President Taft controlled the Republican national convention in all of its activities. The platform adopted was in keeping with his wishes and his views. Before it was presented to the convention it was read to him, word for word, by Murray Crane. It contained all he wanted it to contain and nothing he did not want it to contain. Here is what Mr. Taft's platform has to say with respect to the issues enumerated—issues which must be decided, measures which must be adopted before the people can hope to rule:

The Recall—Don't disturb the courts. Primaries—Nothing. The Initiative—Nothing.

The Referendum—Nothing. Woman Suffrage—Nothing.

There are other questions concerning which Mr. Taft maintains silence; but the significance of what has been said will give us sufficient to think about at one sitting. It must be said for President Taft and his Reactionary supporters that as far as popular rule is concerned they have the courage of their contempt.

SIERRA MADRE AT REDONDO

Redondo Reflex.—Sierra Madre Board of Trade was here en masse Wednesday looking over the town and getting acquainted with the people of Redondo Beach. They seemed to be very much impressed with conditions in general and were very generous with their compliments regarding this beach as a municipality. They are a fine appearing set of citizens and give an outsider an idea of Sierra Madre as a town that does things.

WHAT OF SOCIALISM?

ITS RELATION TO THE PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION REVIEWED

(Charles Dwight Willard, in California Outlook.)

By a process of division and subdivision we may reparate the people of this world in their political beliefs into four groups. First, we use the issue of discontent. Here is a group that is pretty well satisfied with things as they are and is timid and doubtful of change. They are the stand-patters. The remainder who are dissatisfied and want things better divide again into two groups on the issue of whether to build on the present economic and political system and work out reform by evolutionary and gradual methods, or to strive for a complete new system involving radical changes in present conditions. The first of these, the people who would cling to the present order, we may call Progressives. These first two classes make up the bulk of the Republican and Democratic parties in this country.

Coming back again to our remainder we find that it divides again into two groups. One is the Socialists who believe that the government should take over all means of production, and the other the Syndicalists who hold that the wealth of the world belongs to the man who labors and that it is his right and duty to get possession of it by any process that will give results.

There are various smaller groups that locate somewhere in between these four classes, including the Anarchists, who are outside of everything. A notable example of the in-betweens are the single-taxers, who touch the Progressives on the one side and the Socialists on the other. They have a plan for socializing land, and they claim this measure will correct our economic evils without the necessity for taking over everything. Then there are branches of the Socialists that shade off into syndicalism, so that it is difficult to say just where one belief ends and the other begins.

Thus far politics in our country and elsewhere has chiefly been run by the first two classes, the Standpatters and the Progressives, sometimes segregated into parties and sometimes mixed haphazardly within the parties. It is an ancient and a cunning trick of ruling powers, whether politicians or kings, to keep progressive spirits divided by

partisanship. That is one reason why the world moves so slowly toward the betterment of things.

But these two classes no longer have a monopoly of politics. The Socialists are here as a definite, positive force that must be reckoned with. They are carrying local elections in a number of cities, and in others have compelled the old parties to unite in order to beat them back. Their numbers are increasing rapidly, and their moral influence, through the ability of their speakers and writers, and through the genuine earnestness of their followers, keeps far in advance of their actual enrollment as a party.

In passing let us note that the fourth class described above has not thus far figured in our politics. We know these syndicalists chiefly as members of the I. W. W., and the impression that is given by careless newspaper writers is that they are mostly tramps and bums. That a good many vagabonds fall in at their meetings is true enough, but the leaders of the movement and most of its rank and file have pretty clear ideas of what they are trying to do. They are not in favor of political action. Their program is one of agitation against the existing order and for the union of all lines of hand workers. The weapon they propose to use, and are using with deadly effect, is the universal or paralyzing strike. They defy the law and uphold “direct action.” They are destined to play an important part in our political affairs, although perhaps not in the capacity of voters.

We should always remember when considering Socialism to make the distinction between Socialists as a political party and the people that are of socialist belief. They are not coincident and there is an over-lap both ways. There are many in the Socialist party that are not true Socialists, but Syndicalists. They call themselves the radicals of the party, and many of them figure that there is no valid difference between Socialism and Syndicalism; but the true Socialists understand the distinction, and they know, moreover, that sooner or later it is an issue that must be threshed out and settled within their party. And there are great numbers of people that believe in Socialism as an economic doctrine that do not vote with the Socialist party. There are Christian Socialists, for example, who believe that society will achieve the Socialist state through the general acceptance of the doctrines of Christ—not the church merely, but of Christ. Then there are what may be called the progressive Socialists—people who believe that the final outcome will be something very like what the Socialists describe, but that the only safe and

sure way to achieve it is to work with and build on present conditions.

The Socialist party has voted about three-quarters of a million at the last two national elections and will probably pass the million mark this time. It is a compact, well-organized concern, full of devoted people and with machinery that is admirably fitted to rapid expansion and perfect discipline when the day comes—if it does come—that the people turn in despair from the old parties to the one that promises better things. It has, however, one serious drawback, that is fully realized by the thinking fellows of the creed, and that is the control by radicals to which we have briefly referred. The best evidence of conditions on the inside of the organization is the renomination, year after year, of Debs. Whatever one may think of the doctrines of Socialism, it seems quite impossible that a law-abiding, self-respecting man or woman could think well of Debs. Reading his speeches one is moved to question whether he is actually sound of mind. They are so full of preposterous rant and meaningless abuse. If Socialism is to win it must win by logic and argument, but this man does not reason, he raves—and even as a denunciation of wrong the performance is without merit. From the time the McNamaras were indicted to the day they confessed, Debs filled the Socialist papers—particularly the Appeal to Reason, a half-crazy affair that has since gone out of existence—with columns of frenzied declamation in big type calling upon Socialists “who were not afraid to die” to rise and rescue their martyred comrades. He defends and urges on the “direct action” men, and his talk at times is rank treason and anarchy. This is not a new thing, but has been going on for years, and yet in the face of it the Socialist party has just renominated him for the third time. This is in the nature of a complete “give-away” on the Socialist political organization, and it no doubt deters great numbers of people, who believe in Socialism, from uniting with the Socialist party.

In its local fights the Socialist party is no better behaved, and possibly a little worse, than the old organizations. It attributes all the crimes in the calendar to its opponents, claims all the virtues itself, circulates campaign lies cheerfully, allies itself with tough elements, dodges the issue and in general conducts itself just like an old hand at the game. When it wins it finds itself facing the same concrete difficulties of administration—lack of money, public inertia, human frailties, etc.—that afflict the older organizations. The Socialist idea contains so much

LANGUAGE OF HORSES

THEY CAN INDICATE DISTRESS THOUGH NOT BY AUDIBLE MEANS SAYS EXCHANGE

There are still people in the world who regard the horse as a dumb animal, created solely for the use of men and women and having no rights of his own, says a Nova Scotia paper.

That is largely because the horse is in the fullest sense a dumb animal. If you strike a dog he yelps; if you step on the tail of a cat she screams. A horse, on the other hand, may be beaten almost to death and make no sound. Please he expresses by whimpering; but it is only in his death agony that his suffering finds audible expression, and frequently not even then.

It is this pathetic silence, this inability of the horse to give utterance to his pain, that causes so many persons to ignore his sufferings. They have no imagination, and he has no cries with which to impress their indurated senses. If he could cry out as the dog does, our city streets would re-echo sounds that could not be borne a day. The change in the treatment of horses would be instant and enduring.

Take, for example, the navicular disease, from which many horses suffer. It attacks one of the bones of the fore foot. The bone decays just as a human tooth decays. Imagine the suffering of a horse obliged to walk on a foot in that condition.

Some forms of spavin are so painful that a horse afflicted with them becomes thin, even if he is generously fed and does no work. The troubles may, indeed, be recognized by this peculiar emaciation—an excessive thinness about the waist or loins.

But although the horse does not speak nor cry out, he tells his story plainly enough to those who can understand it. It is his eye that speaks. When he suffers his eye is contracted and has a nervous, flurried, restless expression, indescribable, yet easily recognized. When he is comfortable, his eye seems large and full and has a quiet and serene look, the expression of fun and mischief. From a stable of city work horses an expert will select by the expression of their eyes alone the horses that have good drivers and those that have cruel ones.

That the ears of the horse also express his emotion is too well known to need more than a reference. When he is unhappy, ill-treated or neglected, his ears have a backward slant that is characteristic. You sometimes see it in animals that are vicious; you always see it in those that are abused. Since the horse's vocabulary is so limited, owners and drivers can learn it all.

of truth and reason, and is so plainly in accord with modern economic and governmental tendencies that we may expect some nation before long to be captured by the propaganda and compelled to submit to the experiment. The result may astonish all by its success—or its failure. In the meantime, Socialistic methods will come more and more into use in all enlightened governments, that is to say, the governmental function will be extended to cover enterprises where the general welfare seems to demand a public instead of a private ownership. Gradually it will dawn, even upon the timidiest and standpatter ones, that there is nothing essentially dangerous in the Socialist idea. The Socialist party may be destined, as its active members all believe, to increase to giant proportions and at last dominate over politics; but to the present writer it seems more probable that with the progressives stealing its policies on the one side and the Syndicalists blowing it to fragments on the other side, this organization will never achieve more than an indirect influence. It has already, however, accomplished much good—at least this belief has, if not the party—and it will continue to be a valuable factor in our political and economic progress.

GOOD TEMPLAR MEETING

The I. O. G. T. lodge will hold its next meeting in the Town Hall next Thursday evening, July 11. Initiation of new members will be a part of the evening's work.

Verna Trible, Secretary.

“That young lady is angry with me. The episode happened at a reception. I couldn't see her face under her big hat.” “And you mistook her for another young lady, eh? Nothing in that to get mad about.” “I mistook her for a piano lamp.”—Washington Herald.

Alice—Does Edith's husband ever take her out to dinner as he did before they were married? Kate—Oh, yes; but not to the same restaurants.—Boston Transcript.

Casey (watching the golfers)—Don't see any difference between that an' worrk. O'Brien—Yez don't, eh? Well, ye would whin pay day kem round.—Boston Transcript.

“Mr. Wombat, I have always heard of you as a good loser.” “I try to deserve that reputation, young man, but you can't sell me any bum stock of any sort.”—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If You Don't Believe It

when we tell you people read The News just try a simple test. Go to the post office on a Friday evening when people are getting their mail and

Watch 'em

You will see that nearly every one takes home a copy of The News. Most of them read it on the way to avoid competition with the rest of the family when the paper reaches the home. A paper that is read like that is a good advertising medium.

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MATRIMONY.
No navigator has yet traced
lines of latitude and longitude on
the conjugal sea.—Honore de
Balzac

When a husband is embraced
without affection there must be
some reason for it.—Hypopadesa.

However old a conjugal union,
it still gathers some sweetness.
Winter has some cloudless days,
and under the snow a few flowers
still bloom.—Mme. de Staél.

Brief Items of Interest

Mrs. E. L. Yerxa visited relatives in Whittier a few days this week.

Mrs. E. S. Stilson and children have been spending the week in Los Angeles.

Miss Mabel Vale of Long Beach spent Tuesday as the guest of Miss Hazel Hill.

Miss Katherine Torrance is a weekend guest at the home of Miss Nebeker of Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Caley were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Coles of Huntington Beach.

R. Moser of Ocean Park has been in Sierra Madre this week working on a house on Auburn Avenue.

George M. Smith of the DuPage County Tribune of Wheaton, Ill., was a caller at the News office Tuesday.

Miss Laura Miller of St. Louis is a guest at the home of Mrs. M. N. Olds of West Highland for a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Cornell have gone to La Jolla where they will spend a few weeks during the Rector's vacation.

Mrs. Mary Davis Goodfellow was a guest at a luncheon given at the home of Mrs. E. H. Meredith of Los Angeles on Wednesday.

The Misses Georgia and Belora Laird of Kansas are spending a few weeks at the home of their cousin, Mrs. Edgar W. Campbell.

H. R. Adams and son Raymond left this week for their home in Providence, R. I., after spending several months in Sierra Madre.

Mr. and Mrs. Norval McGregor of San Jose are guests at the home of Mr. McGregor's mother, Mrs. Jane McGregor of Esperanza Avenue.

Mrs. S. R. G. Twycross has gone to Ocean Park where she will spend the summer at their cottage. She was accompanied by Mrs. D. E. Clough.

Mrs. E. H. Kent of Sierra Madre Avenue, has as a guest, her mother, Mrs. Fae of St. Paul, Minn., who will spend the summer months with her.

Fred Blumer is spending a few weeks at Paloma Beach as a guest of his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Blumer, who have a cottage there.

Mrs. Frank Gresham has returned to her home in Alameda after spending a few weeks at the home of her mother, Mrs. Lambert of East Grand View.

Mrs. Costello of West Highland left Tuesday for the east where she will spend the summer. Among other places she will visit her old home in Maine.

Miss Gleen Everett of Orange has been spending the week end as a guest at the home of Miss Dorothy Humphries, Miss Everett has just returned from a year at Stanford University.

Mrs. J. T. Mason and daughter, Miss Katherine Mason, have given up their Sierra Madre residence after a stay of several months, and left this week for Monterey where they will visit at the home of Lieut. and Mrs. W. S. Green.

The "Tacky Party" given under the auspices of the Woman's Club last Friday evening was a great success from every standpoint. Never was a greater variety of amusing costumes seen. An old fashioned supper was served and the evening was spent in dancing.

Roydon Pool has gone to Inyo County to join Harold Costello of Sierra Madre at Haines for a hunting and fishing trip in the high Sierras. They planned to cross the divide and spend a fortnight in the Meracha Meadows and among the lakes which feed the Kern river.

Mrs. Frank Wright who left Tuesday for Chicago was the astonished recipient of a "traveler's shower" given as a parting remembrance by the members of the Dickens Club. The affair was held at the home of Mrs. L. C. Terrance last Saturday, and the guest of honor was presented with a large number of articles large and small, to add to her comfort through the journey. The things were packed in a doll's trunk, and clever and appropriate verses accompanied each article. These were about thirty ladies present.

E. W. Camp made a short business trip to Phoenix, Ariz., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sullivan have moved into the C. H. Thornburg house.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Hensley came up from Balboa Beach to spend a few days this week.

Mrs. Florence Cheney left Wednesday for Long Beach where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Frank Wright and family left Tuesday for Chicago where they will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Dorothy Gresham of Long Beach has been a guest at the home of Mrs. Lambert of East Grand View.

C. W. Mitchell is making a business trip to San Diego and points throughout the east, including St. Louis.

Dorothy and Donald Mitchell, accompanied by Mrs. Crawford, have gone to Paloma Beach where they will spend the summer.

William Gottlieb is enjoying a visit from his father and mother, who recently arrived from their home in New York City. They are located with Mrs. Ferry of South Baldwin Ave.

The Misses Vera and Dee Harriman have returned from a short stay in Los Angeles during the absence of their sister, Miss Jennie Harriman, in Portland, Oregon.

The Misses Johnson who have been occupying the Hudson cottage on Auburn Avenue the past year, are now occupying the Wilson bungalow on West Highland.

The Dickens Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. C. Nourse Wednesday. While the society has adjourned for the summer, a few enthusiastic members will continue to meet.

Mrs. Lydia Anderson and Miss Marguerite Anderson who have been spending a short time at their cottage on Hermosa have returned to Long Beach to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Mead are enjoying a visit from their grandson, Eugene Caffey of Logan, Utah. His mother and brother are expected to arrive tomorrow for an extended stay in Sierra Madre.

VICTROLA CONCERT
Under the auspices of the Woman's Club a Victrola concert will be given in the club house Friday evening, July 12, at eight o'clock. Choice records of selections by Caruso, Melba, Semirich and other great artists will be heard.

Special attention is called to the announcement that the new moving picture and stereopticon machine, the Edison Home Kinetoscope, will be used for the first time in Sierra Madre at this entertainment. Come and bring the children. Admission 10 cents.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE

Mrs. C. Watkins has opened a first class boarding house on Auburn Avenue in the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Rice. The house is newly furnished and excellent meals are provided.

THE EPICURE.
When the Sultan Shah Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the lustered
palm trees are.
At the last of the thirty palace
gates
The pet of the harem, Rose in
Bloom.
Orders a feast in his favorite
room—
Glittering square of colored ice.
Sweetened with sirups, tintured
with spice;
Creams and cordials and sugared
dates;
Syrup apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes and citrons and apricots.
And wines that are known to
eastern princes.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

A GIRL
OF THE
LIMBERLOST

By
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

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SYNOPSIS

Although a good scholar, Elvira Comstock, entering high school, is abashed by her country dress. She needs \$20 for books and tuition fees. Her mother is unsympathetic, and Elvira tells her troubles to Wesley Sinton, an old neighbor.

When Elvira was born her father was drowned in a swamp, embittering her mother's life. Elvira determines to raise money by gathering forest specimens. The Sintons buy clothes for her.

Elvira, getting her books cheaply, finds a market with the Bird Woman for butterflies, Indian relics, etc.

Mrs. Comstock's devotion to her husband's memory will not permit her to sell with him or have oil wells dug on her land. The Sintons bring Elvira new clothing.

Elvira is delighted with her outfit. Her mother says she must pay for it. Wesley and Margaret Sinton discuss the girl's affairs.

Pete Corson, a Limberlost frequenter, warns Elvira not to visit the Limberlost at night or go far into the swamp at any time.

Billy, a bright but untrained little chap, with a shiftless father and hungry brother and sister, gets Elvira's luncheon. Wesley, troubled by Corson's warning, investigates.

Sinton finds some one has been spying on Elvira. The girl feeds Billy again. She is "taken up" by the high school girls.

CHAPTER VII.

Wherein Elvira Receives a Warning
and Billy Appears on the Scene.

WHEN Mrs. Comstock entered the cabin and began the day's work, but mingled with the brooding bitterness of her soul was the vision of a sweet young face, glad with a sadness never before seen on it, and over and over she repeated, "I wonder what he'll say to her?"

What he said was that she looked as fresh and sweet as a posy and to be careful not to step in the mud or scratch her shoe when she went to the beach.

Elvira found her key and opened the door. Not where she had placed it, but conspicuously in front lay her little heap of bills and a crude scrawl of writing beside it. Elvira picked up the note in astonishment.

Here Elvira, the lord almighty is hiding you all right, I mean every cent of this money he was took for some time lies nite, but it is returned with interest for old sake done ever come to the swamp at nite or late evnin or mornin or far in any time sompin worse as you know could it you.

A FRIEND.

Elvira began to tremble. She hastily glanced about. The damp earth before the case had been trodden by large, roughly shot feet. She caught up the money and the note, thrust them into her girdle, locked the case and ran for the road.

She was so breathless and her face so white Sinton noticed it.

"What in the world's the matter, Elvira?" he asked as he helped her into the carriage.

"I am half afraid," she panted.

"Tut, tut, child!" said Wesley Sinton. "Nothing in the world to be afraid of. What happened?"

"Uncle Wesley," said Elvira. "I had more money than I brought home last night, and I put it in my case. Some one has been there. The ground is all trampled, and they left this note."

"And took your money, I'll wager," said Sinton angrily.

"No," answered Elvira. "Read the note and oh, Uncle Wesley, tell me what it means!"

Sinton's face was a study. "I don't know what it means," he said. "Only one thing is clear. It means some beast who doesn't really want to harm you has got his eye on you and he is telling you plain as he can not to give him a chance. You got to keep along the roads, in the open, and not let the big moth that ever flew toll you out of hearing of us or your mother. It means that, plain and distinct."

"Just when I can sell them; just when everything is so lovely on account of them. I can't—I can't stay away from the swamp. The Limberlost is going to buy the books, the clothes, pay the tuition and even start a college fund. I just can't."

"You've got to," said Sinton. "This is plain enough. You go far in the swamp at your own risk, even in daytime."

"Uncle Wesley," said the girl in a whisper. "Last night before I went to bed I was so happy I tried to pray, and I thanked God for hiding me under the shadow of his wing." But how in the world could any one know it?

Wesley Sinton's heart gave one great leap in his breast. His face was whiter than the girl's now.

"Was you praying out loud, honey?" he almost whispered.

"I might have said words," answered Elvira. "I know I do sometimes. I've never had any one to talk to, and I've played with and talked to myself all my life. You've caught me at it often, but it always makes mother angry when she does. She says it's silly. I forget and do it when I'm alone. But Uncle Wesley, if I said anything last night you know it was

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A Girl of the Limberlost

(Continued from Page 2)

the merest whisper, because I'd have been so afraid of waking mother. Don't you see? I sat up late and did two lessons."

Sinton was steadyng himself. "I'll stop and examine the case as I come back," he said. "Maybe I can find some clew. That other—that was just accidental. It's a common expression. All the preachers use it. If I was going to pray that would be the very first thing I'd say."

The color came back to Elnora's face.

"Did you tell your mother about this money, Elnora?" he asked.

"No, I didn't," said Elnora. "It's dreadful not to, but I was afraid. You see, they are clearing the swamp so fast. Every year it grows harder to find things, and Indian stuff gets scarcer. I want to graduate, and that's four years unless I can double on the course. That means \$20 tuition each year and new books and clothes. There won't ever be so much at one time again—that I know. I just got to hang to my money. I was afraid to tell her for fear she would want it for taxes, and she really must sell a tree or some cattle for that, mustn't she. Uncle Wesley?"

"On your life, she must!" said Wesley. "You put your little wad in the bank all safe and never mention it to a living soul. It don't seem right, but your case is peculiar. Every word you say is a true word. Each year you will get less from the swamp, and things everywhere will be scarcer. If you ever get a few dollars ahead, that can start your college fund. You know you are going to college, Elnora."

"Of course I am," said Elnora.

She jumped from the carriage and soon found that with her books, her lunch box and the box of arrow points she had a heavy load. She was almost to the bridge crossing the culvert when she heard the distressed screams of a child. Across an orchard of the suburbs came a small boy, after him a big dog, urged by a man in the background. Elnora's heart was with the small flying figure in any event whatever. She dropped her load on the bridge and with practiced hand caught up a stone and flung it at the dog. The beast curled double with a howl. The boy reached the fence, and Elnora was there to help him over. As he touched the top she swung him to the ground, but he clung to her, clasping her tightly, sobbing and shivering with fear. Elnora carried him to the bridge and sat with him in her arms. For a time his replies to her questions were indistinct, but at last he became quiet and she could understand.

He was a wile of a boy, nothing but skin covered bones, his burned, freckled face in a mortar of tears and dust, his clothing unspeakably dirty, one great toe in a festering mass from a broken nail and sores all over the visible portions of the small body.

"You wouldn't set a dog on a boy for just taking a few old apples when you fed 'em to pigs with a shovel every day, would you?" he said.

"No, I would not," said Elnora hotly.

"You'd give a boy all the apples he wanted if he hadn't any breakfast and was so hungry he was all twisty inside, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would," said Elnora.

"If you had anything to eat you would give me something right now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Elnora. "There's nothing but just stones in the package. But my dinner is in that case. I'll gladly divide."

She opened the box. The famished child gave a little cry and reached both hands. Elnora caught them back.

"Did you have any supper?"

"No."

"Any dinner yesterday?"

"An apple and some grapes I stole."

"Whose boy are you?"

"Old Tom Billings."

"Why don't your father get you something to eat?"

"He does most days, but he's drunk now."

"Hush! You must not!" said Elnora. "He's your father!"

"He's spent all the money to get drunk, too," said the boy, "and Jimmy and Belle are both crying for breakfast. I'd 'a' got out all right with an apple for myself, but I tried to get some for them, and the dog got too close. Say, you can just throw, can't you?"

"Yes," admitted Elnora. She poured half the milk into the cup. "Drink this," she said, holding it to him.

The boy gulped the milk and swore joyously, gripping the cup with shaking fingers.

"Hush!" cried Elnora. "That's dreadful!"

"What's dreadful?"

"To say such awful words."

"Huh, pa says worser 'an that every breath he draws."

Elnora stared into the quaint little face and saw that the child was older than she had thought. He might have been forty by his hard, unchildish expression.

"Do you want to be like your father?"

"No; I want to be like you. Couldn't a angel be prettier 'an you? Can I have more milk?"

Elnora emptied the flask. The boy drained the cup. He drew a breath of satisfaction as he gazed into her face.

"You wouldn't go off and leave your little boy, would you?" he asked.

"Did some one go away and leave you?" questioned Elnora in return.

"Yes; my mother went off and left me and left Jimmy and Belle, too," said the boy. "You wouldn't leave your little boy, would you?"

"No."

The boy looked eagerly at the box. Elnora lifted a sandwich and uncovered the fried chicken. The boy gasped with delight.

"Say, I could eat the stuff in the glass and the other box and carry the bread and the chicken to Jimmy and Belle," he offered.

Elnora silently uncovered the custard with preserved cherries on top and handed it and the spoon to the child. Never did food disappear faster. The salad went next, and a sandwich and half a chicken breast followed.

"I better leave the rest for Jimmy and Belle," he said. "They're 'ist fightin' hungry."

Elnora gave him the remainder of the carefully prepared lunch. The boy clutched it and ran with a sideways hop like a wild thing.

Elnora covered the dishes and cup, polished the spoon, replaced it and closed the beautiful case. She caught her breath in a tremulous laugh.

"If Aunt Margaret knew that she'd never forgive me," she said. "It seems as if secrecy is literally forced upon me, and I hate it. What will I do for lunch? I'll have to go sell my arrows and keep enough money for a restaurant sandwich."

So she walked hurriedly into town, sold her points at a good price, deposited her funds and went away with a neat little bank book and the note from the Limberlost carefully folded inside. Elnora passed down the great hall that morning, and no one paid the slightest attention to her. The truth was she looked so like every one else that she was perfectly inconspicuous. But in the coat room there were members of her class. Surely no one intended it, but the whisper was too loud.

"Look at the girl from the Limberlost in the clothes that woman gave her!"

Elnora turned on them. "I beg your pardon," she said unsteadily; "I couldn't help hearing that! No one gave me these clothes. I paid for them myself."

Some one muttered, "Pardon me, but inexcusables faces greeted her."

Elnora felt driven. "Aunt Margaret selected them, and she meant to give



"Drink this," she said, holding it to him.

them to me," she explained, "but I wouldn't take them. I paid for them myself." There was a dead silence.

"Don't you believe me?" panted Elnora.

"Really, it is none of our affair," said another girl. "Come on; let's go."

Elnora stepped before the girl who had spoken. "You have made this your affair," she said, "because you told a thing which was not true. No one gave me what I am wearing. I paid for my clothes myself with money I earned selling moths to the Bird Woman. I just came from the Bird Woman. I and the others, and they met in the thickets of the few remaining fast places of the swamp to drink, gamble and loaf. Then suddenly, there would be a robbery in some country house where a farmer that day had sold his wheat or corn and not paid a visit to the bank, or in some neighboring village.

The home of Mrs. Comstock and Elnora adjoined the swamp. Sinton's land lay next, and not another residence or man easy to reach in case of trouble. Whoever wrote that had some human kindness in his breast, but the fact stood revealed that he feared his strength if Elnora was delivered into his hands. Where had he been the previous night when he heard that prayer? Was that the first time he had been in such proximity? Sinton drove fast, for he wished to reach the swamp before Elnora and the Bird Woman would go there for more mottoes.

At almost 4 he came to the case, and dropping on his knees studied the ground, every sense alert. He found two or three little heel prints. Those were made by Elnora or the Bird Woman. What Sinton wanted to learn was whether all the rest were the footprints of one man. It was easily seen they were not. There were deep, even tracks made by fairly new shoes, and others where a well worn heel cut deeper on the inside of the print than at the outer edge. Undoubtedly some of Corson's old gang were watching the case and the visits of the women to it. There was no danger that anyone would attack the Bird Woman. She never went to the swamp at night, and on her trips in the daytime every one knew that she carried a revolver, understood how to use it and pursued her work in a fearless manner.

Sinton was afraid for Elnora, yet he did not want to add the burden of fear to Katharine Comstock's trouble or to disturb the joy of Elnora in her work. He stopped at the cabin and slowly went up the walk. Mrs. Comstock was sitting on the front step with some sewing. She dropped her work on her lap, laid her hands on it and looked into his face with a sneer.

"You didn't let any grass grow under your feet," she said.

Sinton saw her white, drawn face and comprehended.

"I went to pay a debt and see about this opening of the ditch, Kate."

"Why, this is the freshman section. Whose hat is it?" she asked again.

this time impatiently.

"That's the tassel of the cornstalk," said Elnora, with a forced laugh.

The response was genuine. Every one shouted. Sadie Reed blushed, but she laughed also.

"Well, it's beautiful," she said, "especially the quills. They are exactly what I want. I know I don't deserve any kindness from you, but I do wish you would tell me at whose store you got those quills."

"Gladly," said Elnora. "You can't get quills like those at a store. They are from a living bird. Phoebe Simms gathers them in her orchard as her peacocks shed them. They are wing quills from the males."

Then there was a perfect silence. How was Elnora to know that not a girl there would have told that?

"I haven't a doubt but I can get you some," she offered. "She gave Aunt Margaret a great bunch, and those are part of them. I am quite sure she has more and would spare some."

Sadie Reed laughed shortly. "You wouldn't trouble," she said. "I was foolish. I thought they were expensive quills. I wanted them for a twenty dollar velvet toque to match my new suit. If they are picked off the ground, really, I couldn't use them."

"Only in spots," said Elnora. "They don't just cover the earth. Phoebe Simms' peacocks are the only ones within miles of Onabasha, and they molt but once a year. If your hat only cost \$20 it's hardly good enough for those quills. You see, the Almighty made and colored those himself, and he puts the same kind on Phoebe Simms' peacocks that he put on the head of the family in the forests of Ceylon away back in the beginning. Any old manufactured quill from New York or Chicago will do for your little twenty dollar hat. You ought to have something infinitely better than that to be worthy of quills that are made by the Creator."

How those girls did laugh! One of them walked by Elnora to the auditorium, sat with her during exercises and tried to talk whenever she dared to keep Elnora from seeing the curious and admiring looks bent upon her. For the brown eyed boy whistled, and there was pantomime of all sorts going on behind Elnora's back that day. Happy with her books no one knew how much she saw, and from her absorption in her studies it was evident she cared too little to notice. It soon developed that to be inconspicuous and to work was all Elnora craved.

After school she went again to the home of the Bird Woman, and together they visited the swamp and took away more specimens. This time Elnora asked the Bird Woman to keep the money until noon of the next day, when she would call for it and have it added to her bank account. She slowly walked home, for the visit to the swamp had brought back full force the experience of the morning. Again and again she examined the crude little note, for she did not know what it meant, yet it bred vague fear.

CHAPTER VIII.
Wherein Mrs. Comstock Indulges In "Frills" and Billy Reappears.

It was Wesley Sinton who really wrestled with the problem as he drove about his business. He did not have to ask himself what it meant; he knew. The old Corson gang was still holding together. Elder members who had escaped the law had been joined by a younger brother of Jack's, and they met in the thickets of the few remaining fast places of the swamp to drink, gamble and loaf. Then suddenly, there would be a robbery in some country house where a farmer that day had sold his wheat or corn and not paid a visit to the bank, or in some neighboring village.

When the work was finished that night Elnora took her books and went to her room to prepare some lessons, but every few minutes she looked toward the swamp to see if there were lights near the case. Mrs. Comstock raked together the coals in the cooking stove, got out the lunch box, and, sitting down, she studied it grimly. At last she arose.

"Wonder how it would do to show Mag Sinton a frill or two," she murmured.

Mrs. Comstock was up early and without a word handed Elnora the luncheon case as she left the next morning.

"Thank you, mother," said Elnora and went on her way.

She walked down the road, looking straight ahead until she came to the corner, where she usually entered the swamp. She paused, glanced that way and smiled. Then she turned and looked back. There was no one coming in any direction. She kept to the road until well around the corner, then she stopped and sat on a grassy spot, laid her books beside her and opened the lunch box. She scarcely could believe her senses. Half the bread compartment was filled with dainty sandwiches of bread and butter sprinkled with the yolk of egg and the rest with three large slices of the most fragrant spice cake imaginable. The meat dish contained shaved cold ham, of which she knew the quality: the salad was tomatoes and celery, and the cup held preserved pear, clear as amber. There was milk in the bottle, two tissue wrapped cucumber pickles in the folding drinking cup and a fresh napkin in the ring. No lunch was ever daintier or more palatable. Of that Elnora was perfectly sure. And her mother had prepared it for her.

She glanced around her and then to her old refuge, the sky. "She does love me!" cried the happy girl. "Sure as you're born she loves me; she just hasn't found it out yet!"

She was to go to the Bird Woman's after school for the last load from the case Saturday she would take the arrow points and specimens to the bank. That would exhaust her present supplies and give her enough money ahead to pay for books, tuition and clothes for at least two years. She would work early and late gathering nuts. In October she would sell all the ferns she could find. She must collect specimens of all tree leaves before they fell, gather nests and cocoons later and keep her eyes wide open for anything the grades could use. She would see the superintendent that night about selling specimens to the ward buildings. She must be ahead of anyone else if she wanted to furnish these things. So she approached the bridge.

Sinton was afraid for Elnora, yet he did not want to add the burden of fear to Katharine Comstock's trouble or to disturb the joy of Elnora in her work.

"I think the Almighty put them in my way to show me real trouble. I won't be likely to spend much time pitying myself while I can see them." She glanced at the lunch box. "What on earth do I carry this for? I never had anything that was so strictly ornamental! One sure thing! I can't take this stuff to the high school. You never seem to know just what is going to happen to you while you are there."

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As if to provide a way out of her difficulty a big dog arose from a lawn and came toward the gate, wagging his tail. "If those children ate the stuff, it can't possibly kill him!" thought Elnora, so she offered the bologna. The dog accepted it graciously, and being a pedigree beast, he trotted around to a side porch and laid the bologna before his mistress. The woman snatched it, screaming, "Come, quick! Some one is trying to poison Pedro!" Her daughter came running from the house. "Go see who is on the street. Hurry!" cried the excited mother.

That it was occupied could be seen from a distance. As she came up she found the small boy of yesterday

this time impatiently.

"You said you were going to propose to me."

"Good gracious, Kate!" cried Sinton. "Is that what you have been thinking all day? I told you before I left yesterday that I would not do that. I want to ask you if you ever see anything about the swamp that makes you think the old Corson gang is still alive?"

"Can't say that I do," said Mrs. Comstock. "There's kind of dancing lights there sometimes, but I supposed it was just people passing along the road with lanterns."

"Kate, I have got to tell you something. Elnora stopped at the case this morning, and somebody had been into it in the night."

"Broke the lock?"

"No. Used a duplicate key. Today I heard there was a man here last night. I want to nose around a little."

Sinton went to the east end of the cabin and looked up at the window.

There was no way any one could have reached it without a ladder, for the logs were hewed and mortar filled the cracks even. Then he went to the west end. The willow faced him as he turned the corner. He examined the trunk carefully. There was no mistake about small particles of black swamp muck adhering to the sides of the tree. He reached the low branches and climbed the willow. There was earth on the large limb crossing Elnora's window. He stood on it, holding the branch as had been done the night before, and looked into the room. He could see very little, but he knew that if it had been dark outside and sufficiently light for Elnora to study inside he could have seen

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FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912

BY THE WAY

Having nominated Woodrow Wilson for the presidency, the democratic convention showed more sense than we gave it credit for having. Champ Clark or any reactionary would have run Taft a race for third place with an independent progressive in the race. As the situation now is the democrats appear to have the best chance of many years to put their candidate in the white house. And it would not be the worst thing that could happen, not by a jiffy. Taft, for instance, would be worse, but is not much to be feared as his own successor. For a year or more an excellent likeness of Wilson has hung on the wall of the News office. Wherefor many people have thought the writer to be secretly nursing democratic inclinations. Not so. The picture was there simply because of admiration for the man. Put he is of presidential caliber and unless there seems to be a good chance of electing a progressive republican on an independent ticket he will undoubtedly get the writer's vote in November.

Petitions seeking an amendment to the California constitution to permit the consolidation of city and county governments in counties having more than 350,000 population are in circulation. The only counties in the state to be affected are Los Angeles and San Francisco. On the face of it the petition reads smoothly enough in appearing to offer protection to the smaller cities of the county in the presentation of the issue to the voters. But it will demand the earnest inspection of "bug hunters" to see that other cities of the country are really protected from any inclination on the part of Los Angeles to gobble them up against their will. Simple justice demands that every city be protected against absorption without the consent of a majority of its voters as is provided in the present state law. Any plan to effect such a union by a majority vote of the whole territory affected, thus throwing the control of the situation to the preponderant population of Los Angeles, should be killed dead.

Our old time friend W. C. Parcher of the Hollywood Citizen has purchased the Owens Valley Herald from C. E. Kunze and his editorial brethren down this way will be glad to learn he is again in the harness, even though so far away as Bishop. After two years spent there Billy has evidently concluded he wants to stay. And like most people who have spent years at the business, he simply can't let newspaper work alone.

Nearly every agricultural product is now controlled by a combination of growers. The Japs control the berry market and to a large extent the truck gardening. They control prices as rigidly as a trust, refusing to pick fruit for lower prices even though it may be going to waste. Hay, potatoes, sugar beets, walnuts, grapes and almost every other agricultural product are pretty well under control of growers' associations, advancing prices usually resulting. Add to this the advance brought about through the increasing number of dealers' associations and we have a partial explanation of the increasing cost of living. But of all the increases in price those which inure to the man who produces from the soil are perhaps least to be criticised. He has for too long been compelled to take what he could get for his products, regardless of the cost of production or the profits which were derived from subsequent handling of the same commodities. But deliberate waste such as is permitted by the berry growers is an economic loss which should be unlawful.

The curiosity of some of the women voters is appalling—to some of the men. What they want to know about politics would fill several encyclopedias. In spite of the fact that they are entitled to the information there are mighty few men who can give them satisfactory answers to half their questions as to the why and wherefore of political procedure. In fact their inability to answer such questions may have been the real reason why a good many men were not over-anxious to grant equal suffrage. It is rather funny sometimes to hear the answers of some of the wise political

Gems In Verse

THE BREAKER BOYS.

THE miners blast away the
bunkies shovel it.
The engineer he hoists the car
that's put upon the cage.
But by and by it comes to us
where all day long we sit
Within the shaking breaker house and
earn our little wage.

For we're the little breaker boys who
lab all the day

To pick the slate from out the coal and
toss the stuff away.

Our cheeks are hollow, pale and wan;
our hair has lost its glow.

The breaker takes that all away in just
a little time

Along the side the dusty coal must flow
and flow and flow.

The breaker roars and crashes, and the
air is full of grime.

And we're the little breaker boys with
faces dull and gray

Who pick the slate from out the coal and
toss the stuff away.

Our fathers toll as best they can, but still
the rush they earn

Is not enough to keep us all, and so we
take our trick.

Putting our youth and gladness in the
very coal to burn.

Cutting our hands and fingers on the
sharp edged slate we pick,

For we're the little breaker boys who
leave our fun and play

To pick the slate from out the coal and
toss the stuff away!

—Berton Braley.

THE FUGITIVE IDEAL.

AS some most pure and noble face
Seems the thronged and hurrying
street
Sheds o'er the world a sudden grace.
A flying odor sweet.

Then, passing, leaves the cheated sense
Balked with a phantom excellence.

SO on our soul the visions rise
Of that fair life we never led—
They flash a splendor past our eyes.
We start, and they are fled.

They pass and leave us with blank gaze.
Resigned to our ignoble days.

—William Watson

HOME.

HERE'S a dark little flat in a poor
little street
Where never a sunbeam falls.
And never the patter of children's
feet

Is heard in the dingy halls,
And never a fairy has entered there
And never a playful gnome.

The rooms are cold, and the walls are
bare.

And silent broods in the dampened air,
But somebody calls it Home.

—William Watson

SPEED CRAZY.

We as a nation have gone
speed crazy, and the railroads,
against their better judgment,
are putting on limited trains to
meet the demands of those who
would dart from city to city in
what half a century ago would
have seemed the twinkling of an
eye.

And the strange part of it is that
the people most anxious
to get to some place in a hurry
are really in no hurry at all.

More belong to the leisure than
to the business class. Who pays
the price for this speed? The
engineer. Out of every hundred
men who become firemen seventeen
graduate to the freight locomotive
cab; six live to haul passenger
trains. If there is anything in
Darwin's theory it is proved by
the locomotive engineer. He is the
survivor of the fittest, and you can't
make him in a day. —Warren S. Stone, Chief
of Brotherhood of Locomotive
Engineers

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

AROUND the little things of life
A world of storm and sunshine lies,
Yet those too busy seldom see
The tired look in other eyes.

AROUND the little things of life
A wealth of loving memories center,
And joys undreamt of by the world
The humblest dwelling places enter.

AROUND the little things of life,
Connected by a thread so slender,
Are long lost smiles and bygone tears
Which helped to make our hearts more
tender

ALAS, how many things in life
Are those of which we cannot boast!

Actions and words we think our best—
How poor and weak they are at most!

MORE full of love, oh, may they be,
Less full of self as in the past!

Help us, dear Lord, to offer thee
More perfect "little things" at last.

—M. Wayman

FUTURE OF WIRELESS.

I believe that in the near future
a wireless message can be
sent completely around the globe
with no relaying and be received
by an instrument located in the
same office with the transmitter
in perhaps even less time than
Shakespeare's forty minutes. I
feel confident that wireless will
gradually replace all other methods
of communication because it
will be the cheapest and most
convenient way of sending mes-
sages. I do not think that there
is any limit to its adaptability,
although many problems still
confront us. But problems only
exist to be solved.—Guglielmo
Marconi.

Shine! Shine!

George Wright will
fit your shoes with the finest kind of
a shine if you take them to the barber
shop. He will also run errands or carry
parcels for you.

To My Friends and Patrons

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Madre for past favors, I am as ever

M. D. WELSHER

"Your Grocer"

Cor. Central and Baldwin

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Advertising inserted under this heading
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MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Cheap, surrey in excellent
condition, and single harness. Inquire of Mrs. N. H. Hosmer. 40-41

FOR RENT—Small office or store
room opposite P. E. Station. A. S.
MEAD. 38

FOR SALE—Rhode Island Red and
White Leghorn laying pullets. Mrs.
A. S. Mead. Red 88. 39

FOR SALE—Pigeons. Arthur Evans.
Phone Green 16. 40

A GOOD THING—A lot in Sierra
Madre Park Tract, Sierra Madre
Heights, or the Hawks addition.

FOUND—Key for Yale lock. Owner
can have same by identifying at
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Drugs, Sundries and Sick Room Supplies

Your prescriptions, entrusted to us, will receive
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F. H. HARTMAN

Sunday Hours 8-11 a. m. 2-5 p. m.

Phone, Black 25

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For Milk and Cream phone Blue 14.
We deliver twice daily to all parts
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M. STEVENS, Proprietor

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community. Upon its circulation de-
pends your prosperity. Do your
part towards keeping it throbbing
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OCT. 31

Southern Pacific